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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OUR note on August 29 as to volumes of THE INQUIRER missing from our office set has brought us a most welcome gift of all we wanted with the exception of one volume, that for the year 1859.

NEXT week's INQUIRER will have as a special supplement two full-page illustrations of the beautiful memorial of the late Charles W. Jones, of Liverpool, placed in the chancel of Essex Church, Kensington, by his son, Mr. Ronald P. Jones, who is a member of the congregation. The pictures will show a general view of the chancel, including the new pulpit and choir stalls, which are part of the memorial, and also a nearer view of the communion table and reredos, with the five-panel mosaic by Mr. Henry Holiday. At the morning service to-morrow (Sunday) the memorial will be dedicated; in the evening the Rev. F. K. Freeston is to begin a series of addresses on the "Messages of the Mosaics," descriptive of the figures of the reredos, the first two to be taken being "St. George and the Dragon," and "St. Martin and the Beggar." Orders for extra copies of next week's INQUIRER should be sent to the office at once.

THE Baptist Union has been holding its autumnal meetings at Bradford this week. On Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Illingworth gave a reception in St. George's Hall, at which the Lord Mayor, who is a Churchman, offered a civic welcome, and read a cordial letter from the Vicar, much regretting that indisposition kept him from being present, and expressing the desire for unity among the different sections of the Church. On Tuesday morning the President, the Rev. Charles Brown, deli-

vered his address in the Sion Jubilee Chapel. His spring address was on the Church, and he now took as his subject "The Christian Ministry and the Baptist Churches." The address appears in full in this week's *Christian World Pulpit*, and also in the *British Weekly*.

THE ministry, said the President, is a vital necessity for these times. The gift of preaching and teaching, of spiritual insight and leadership, is of God; as much as the prophet was needed in the life of ancient Israel, the Christian minister is needed in the life of England to-day. But the minister must be able to *preach*, and it is not the college that can make him, but the home and the Church. "For real preaching, enlightened, experimental, charged with a passion of love to God and man, there was never a greater day than now."

What kind of a man, he asked, is wanted for the ministry? And the answer was: "First of all, he must be a man whose morality is beyond question, whose honour is bright, whose character is above suspicion—a man who can be absolutely trusted with anything and in any company. No man lacking these, however brilliant his gifts, or orthodox his creed, or fervid his eloquence or emotion, has any right in the ministry. He must also be a godly man, a man of undoubted piety and the leader of his people in this regard, profoundly interested in spiritual things and the spiritual aspects of all things. He must be, not necessarily in the technical sense, but in a real and living sense—a theologian and psychologist, that is, interested and versed in the things of God and of the human soul. He must know and love his Bible. He must answer to the description contained in the first Psalm of the man 'whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night.' Something of the mystic must be in the man who would be a good minister of Jesus Christ. It is often demanded that a minister shall be a man among men. Certainly, anybody who is less than human in his sympathies, or who claims to be more, is *ipso facto* excluded from fitness for the ministry. But my brethren will understand me when I say that a minister must be in some senses a man apart from men. He must be detached from common ambitions.

"The Christian minister must also be profoundly interested in his people. Nothing that belongs to their life should escape his notice or be beneath his sympathy. In all their afflictions he must be afflicted.

In their sorrows he must grieve, and in their joys be glad. No one should appeal to him for sympathy in vain and no service that he can render, however great or small, should be denied. A sense of responsibility for men should rest on his shoulders, and he should carry their condition on his heart in thought and in prayer. He should have no ends of his own to serve, and should never seek his own honour and reward.

"No man is qualified for the Christian ministry who has not a deep love for his fellow-men, who is not capable of living in their life, who has not conquered selfishness. He must covet the spirit of his Master expressed in memorable words, 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life.'"

The whole address should be read by ministers, and by all who are interested in their work and welfare.

ON Thursday, September 24, the Wesleyans opened a new hall in Sheffield, on the site of the old Norfolk-street Wesleyan Chapel. It is said that the new hall, with its furniture and accessories, has cost over £40,000. The building is so designed that the main hall can be completely separated from the rest of the premises and used for public purposes without interfering with the work of the Mission. This is not the place to describe the opening services and social meetings which took place on the opening day. Suffice to say that the Wesleyans chronicled a great success on that occasion. Perhaps the best thoughts of the best men connected with the work were summarised in these words of the Rev. Scott Lidgett:—"The great danger of the Church of Jesus Christ was lest they should be satisfied with the stage-marching of an army instead of real fighting; lest they should give utterance to great songs like 'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,' and yet count it absolutely impossible that they should be called upon to sacrifice everything for righteousness. It was not enough for them to wear the scarlet uniform of a Christian parade that day, it had got to be the khaki of Jesus Christ. John Wesley would have been nothing had he not those marks of divine faith upon him. . . . Were they not afraid of that England of theirs? They boasted about it; it was very rich, its empire was vast; but it rested upon the vital character of its citizens. They had got to get rid of the frivolity, the effeminacy, the impurity, the intemperance, the grinding poverty and all those things which were eating out the hearts of the centres of their cities, great and rich, and powerful as they were."

As the result of an investigation, extending over six months, into the condition of the Free Churches of Liverpool, Mr. Wilfrid Rowland, the commissioner, has arrived at very disquieting conclusions. In the Everton area, consisting of 17 churches, only 12½ per cent. of the sittings were found to be occupied, though, according to a census taken in 1881, 40 per cent. were then occupied. Evening congregations in this area have diminished by 28 per cent. since the same year. The average percentage of seats occupied in the whole of the Liverpool Free Churches was found to be 18 in the morning, 38½ in the evening. Of sixteen items set forth as specially impressing the commission, some of the most noteworthy are the arrest, or decline, of worship in proportion to the growth of population, lack of consultation between denominations in making church extensions, the little use made of interesting leaflets and pamphlets, the lack of open-air preaching, and the need of a central office for the promotion of the united interests of the different denominations.

DR. FORSYTH in his concluding paper on "What is the Evangelical Faith?" says: "No man is saved, no Church is saved, the world can never be saved, by any -ology as such—not by a Christology nor even by a Soteriology, but only by a Saviour who is a real redeemer of the world, and not a prophet, genius or consummate spiritual influence. But without a theology of that redemption no Church can remain saved or become a power in history." And again: "Saving faith means the soul's, the world's committal of its eternal destiny to that person to whom God first delivered all things. But the spirituality which divests itself of dogmatic contest reduces that faith to no more than insight—spiritual insight. That is to say, it goes on, consciously or unconsciously, to treat faith as if it were but a finer religious sense, to exchange the note of apostolic revelation for that of religious genius, and it ends with the reduction of Christ to the most deep and divine of all such geniuses."

EXPRESSING deep concern for the future of the Congregational ministry, Dr. Forsyth urges that the Church must have some sort of dogmatic theological foundation, and he pleads earnestly with young ministers not to ignore the importance of this. He says: "I would appeal to my younger brethren not to foster that too popular, and too easy, and most fatal divorce between the dogmatic and the spiritual which sets the passing age in hopeless conflict with great history. We all repudiate the idea of a fixed and final theological system. We repudiate still more the use of such a system for purposes of persecution. And most of all do we repudiate the temper of dogmatism in its popular sense of irritable and domineering intolerance. But let us never repudiate the idea of faith's competency to speak its own language on equal terms with all human intelligence, nor the idea of a positive faith as essential to an effective religion or church." We are always interested in Dr. Forsyth's dogmatics, but still always unconvinced. Dr. Forsyth builds the assertions of his "positive

faith" upon "that Person to whom God first delivered all things." Our trust is rather in God himself, and His living truth.

OF the Rev. Henry Gow's *Roslyn Hill Sermons*, the August number was on "International Peace and the Olympic Games," the September number on "A Unitarian View of Roman Catholicism." (The Priory Press, 70, High-street, Hampstead. 1d. each. By post 1½d.) The latter sermon opened with a statement of the way in which other forms of religious faith should be judged. "We are," said the preacher, "in one sense, a congregation which is Protestant of the Protestants, and in another sense Catholic of the Catholics. We are essentially Protestant, in that we are wholly opposed to the Roman Catholic claim of the final authority of the Church and Pope, and the dominance of the priesthood. We believe with all our heart and strength in liberty, in the capacity of the soul to find God and to come to God through reason and through conscience, and in its right to unfettered freedom and thought. We are, on the other hand, Catholic of the Catholics, because we are not out of sympathy with men who sincerely believe doctrines which we do not hold, because we believe that those who are led by the Spirit of God, those are the sons of God, and because we attach far less importance to names and doctrines than to 'a righteous, godly, and sober life.' We desire to judge all forms of religion—and I would add, all forms of so-called irreligion—in the spirit of our great teacher when he said: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.'"

IN the course of the sermon, Mr. Gow pleaded for more sympathy with the nobler aspects of the religion of Roman Catholics, yet with clear discernment of that which is not true and is hurtful in their doctrine. One other passage we may quote:—"Anyone who knows something of Ireland or of the more pious parts of France, sees the power of Roman Catholicism and must admire some of its results. The people live in an atmosphere of religion which we look at with wonder and almost with shame. The saints and the Virgin Mary are so real to them, so much a part of their lives. They speak and think of the unseen world so naturally and simply. They find so much pleasure and comfort in their religion. At the same time I do not think that religion is more to them than it is to the God-fearing Scotch peasantry, and these latter are stronger, more independent and trustworthy. I am not prepared to say that the Irish character needs Roman Catholicism with all its errors, nor that the Irish character with all its charm and attractiveness is the creation of Roman Catholicism. So far as there are errors in Roman Catholicism it would be better without it. Part of what we call the Irish nature is probably due to these errors; part of its careless levity, its love of excitement, its want of initiative and self-dependence, its unpractical dreaminess. How can it be otherwise when it is dominated by priests and fed upon unreal stories? Its

imagination, its idealism, its loyalty—all strongly marked characteristics of the Irish—no doubt find culture and expression through believing the fairy tales of Rome, the miracles wrought by relics and the legends of the saints. But there is infinite room for imagination, for idealism and loyalty in believing what is true; more room than in believing what is erroneous. It does not need to nourish grown up men and women for ever upon fairy tales in order to keep their imagination and ideals beautiful and strong."

THE September number of *The Spade and the Sickle*, the monthly issue of the Rev. E. I. Fripp's sermons, is on "Mountains." (Taylor Bros., Broad Weir, Bristol. By post, 1½d.) The sermon recalls Ruskin's noble teaching as to the beneficent and inspiring part mountains play in the world, and concludes with the following passage on the nature of aspiration in human life:—"Man, when his soul is awake, wants the Infinite—to live with and to live upon. He needs God, and nothing less, in order to understand and to realise his own humanity. Something *Divine* in our faculties causes them to be dissatisfied unless there is an *unlimited* field for their exercise. As the ardour of the scientist or the historian would be damped if he thought that his subject could be exhausted, and the musician if he believed that the number of tunes and harmonies was limited, so the disciple of Christ, like Christ himself, worships a goodness which is always too great for him, can ever attract him, is incapable of being fully known. The Infinite is the element in which they all live and move and have their being. There is *something evermore about to be*—something you have not reached which you may reach, something to learn you have not yet learned, something always above you beautiful to contemplate. Be thankful for this—it is the most humbling and the most exalting of all the wonderful facts connected with human life. We are born for the heights above the loftiest summits on earth. Weak and erring creatures as we are, there is that in us whereby only God Himself can give us rest."

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the Rev. Joseph Wood, of Birmingham, President of the National Conference, to pay a visit to churches and hold services and conferences in the Manchester district from October 13 to 22 (inclusive). Details of the scheme will be advertised next week.

It is well that the beaten ways of the world get trodden into mud. We are thus forced to seek new paths and pick out new lines of life.—*Arnold Toynbee*.

WE are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other . . . the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.—*Ruskin*.

FIRST INTERNATIONAL MORAL EDUCATION CONGRESS.

THE four days devoted to the first International Moral Education Congress, held at the University of London (September 25-29, with Sunday intervening), were full of crowded interest, which was well maintained to the end. Twelve hundred members were enrolled before the opening of the Congress, and with the large number of those who came in for one or other of the days the total attendance was estimated at about 1,600. Some 300 representatives of foreign Governments, Universities' Education authorities and other bodies were present. Whatever may be thought of the large hall of meeting and the method of conference, the personal aspect of the great gathering was of the highest value, for the Congress was thoroughly international, and both on the platform and in private intercourse there was an abundance of making acquaintance and interchange of experience. And whether one heard much of the speaking or not, the substance of the greater part of the Conference is in the hands of members, and may be had by others, in the volume of some 120 papers, long and short, communicated to the Congress.*

It was an advantage in many ways that the Congress could meet in the University of London. It gave the right distinction to it, as did the reception of representative members at the Foreign Office by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, on behalf of the Government. The University building (the Imperial Institute) is of noble appearance, and there was ample space, and all the minor arrangements were admirably made. But it must be confessed that the University is sadly lacking in a proper auditorium. What is called the "large hall," in which the Congress met, was designed, probably, for exhibition purposes—a huge space, unguarded from outside noises, and certainly a good deal of the speaking was lost or very imperfectly heard by a considerable portion of the large audience. And then the method of taking all the papers as read, and having short speeches by the writers and others, while it enabled the Congress to cover a much larger amount of ground than would otherwise have been possible, did not lead to much really helpful discussion. What has resulted is a wide survey of the ground, and in the volume of the papers, and the two other volumes of the Report on the International Inquiry, of which we wrote last week, a great body of material has been furnished for future consideration. A very interesting addition to the Congress was the exhibition of pictures for school purposes, and various collections of books bearing more or less directly on Moral Education.

The Congress was opened on Friday morning, September 25, with an address from the President, Professor M. E. Sadler, of Manchester, who was surrounded on the platform by a distinguished group of foreign delegates and others.

THE PRESIDENT began with some happy words of welcome to the delegates, in French, in German, and then in English.

* Papers on Moral Education, communicated to the First International Moral Education Congress. Edited by GUSTAV SPILLER. (David Nutt, 5s. net.)

In the passage addressed to the French-speaking delegates he recalled the debt we owe in the matter of moral education to Vergerius, Calvin, Montaigne, Pascal, Fénelon, Rousseau, and others, with a special reference to the inspiring example of Félix Pécaut; and to the Germans he spoke of Luther, Melancthon, Comenius, Kant, Fichte, Pestalozzi, Fröbel, Herbart, and others, and, recalling the names of the greatest teachers of the doctrine of evolution, pointed out the international character of that work. Then in English he added: "May I further, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the committee of Great Britain and Ireland, offer a hearty welcome to the delegates and visitors from the different parts of the British Empire, from the United States of America, from the various European countries which I have not already named—Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Hungary, Russia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Greece—to the delegates from Mexico, and to the Chinese and Japanese delegates, who represent the Far East? The recital of these names, impressive by their variety, rich in associations, and significant for the future of civilisation, shows the world-wide interest in the problems which the Congress has assembled to discuss. Time forbids an adequate reference to the contributions which the experience and culture of each nation thus brings to the common stock of our knowledge and to the materials upon which we have to found our judgment. But those whose work lies in education in this country would not wish this occasion to pass without mention being made of our especial indebtedness to the educational thought and experiment of the United States, and to the lessons taught by the People's High Schools in Scandinavia, still strong through the spirit of brotherliness and of hearty humanism which they derived from their founders, Grundtvig and Kristen Kold. Two other great obligations are in the thoughts of many present here to-day. One is our debt to the genius of Tolstoy, challenging us by its great sincerity of motive and frankness of utterance honestly to test the foundation of those principles in respect of which our judgment may remain at variance with his; the other is our obligation to those who have helped us to realise the moral dignity and power of the great tradition of Japanese training, with its stern inculcation of patriotic duty and austere repression of self-will."

The address then went on as printed in the book to describe the scope of the Congress, dwelling upon the great part played in moral education by the school community, and recalling the influence of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, who brought to his ideal of the restraining and moralising power of self-government in school life what he had learnt at Winchester and Oxford. The vital importance of the personality of the teacher, right choice in the courses of study, the right organisation of recreation and the outward conditions of school life were all essential elements to be considered; and then there was the question of the method of imparting moral instruction, how far, if at all, it should be direct, and what helpful means there were to be employed; and the further questions of the relation of school to home life and to

outside activities, and the means to be adopted to continue the influence of a sound training in the scholar's after-life.

Should not more be done, Professor SADLER asked, in the course of preparation at our day training colleges, especially to give teachers the opportunity of more systematic preparation for the duty of moral education? Is it not important that the teacher should be equipped more fully than is often now the case, with the knowledge needed for the task of guiding conduct and of endeavouring to impart faith in a moral ideal? And if the answer to these queries is in the affirmative, ought not the period of the teacher's professional training to be extended, in order that the course of preparation may thus be deepened without risk of over-pressure and of intellectual congestion? And, finally, is it not necessary that under the conditions of modern life more should be done to give educational help and guidance to young people during the years of adolescence? So far as statistics enable us to judge the true state of the case, not more than one out of every three children who leave the elementary schools of England and Wales at 13 and 14 years of age receives during the years which follow any kind of systematic educational care. Far too great a number pass out of all good educational influence. Far too few receive the regular training which might help in quickening an ideal of personal and civic duty. This surely is a problem which calls for the earnest consideration of all educators, and of the statesmen to whom is committed the guidance of Governmental effort in national education.

The President's address was followed by three others on "The Scope and Aim of Ethical Education," by Professor Felix Adler, of New York, who holds the chair of applied ethics in Columbia University, Professor Wilhelm Förster, of Berlin, and Professor Bouteux, of Paris.

Meanwhile a large number of delegates had proceeded to the Government reception at the Foreign Office. Replying to the welcome, which was cordially given by Lord Fitzmaurice, M. Bayet, the representative of the French Government, said they were glad that Congress was being held in England for many reasons. England had always taken the keenest interest in education questions, and had given birth to illustrious philosophers like Locke, Mill, and Spencer, to whom education was greatly indebted. Moreover, the country itself was a striking lesson in moral education. It had raised a virile-minded people, who, while respecting tradition, were passionately in favour of progress, who steadily pursued the course which they considered to be right, and who were never faint-hearted, even when faced with enormous difficulties. That was England's moral lesson to other nations.

Professor Dr. WILHELM MÜNCH, of Berlin, the representative of the German Government, also joined in the expression of thanks. Many nations, he said, were represented at the Congress, they differed from each other in many respects; but at such a congress what they should remember was, not what separated them, but what united them; and the best means of uniting persons of different nationalities was that

they should breathe the same air of high ideals.

THE SCOPE OF THE CONGRESS.

The work of the Congress was to some extent classified and apportioned to the eight sessions, morning and afternoon, of the four days, sections meeting simultaneously on Monday and also on Tuesday afternoon.

After the first morning, devoted to general principles, the afternoon dealt with the "Aims, Means, and Limitations of the Various Types of School" under which the question of co-education came up, but without any sufficient discussion. In this session the paper by Professor F. G. Peabody, of Harvard, on "Social Ethics as a University Study," was included, because he had to sail for home next day. Professor Peabody brought greetings from the Religious Education Association of America, established five years ago to inspire the educational forces of the United States with the religious ideal, and the religious forces with the educational ideal. Its first meeting was held at Chicago in 1903, the next at Philadelphia in 1904. The volumes published by the Association of the proceedings of these two years, with a number of valuable papers, and also the volumes, Boston 1905 and Rochester 1907, were in the exhibition for members of this Congress to inspect. (There also we noted a little book of "Ethics for the Young," by the late Charles Carroll Everett.)

The sessions on Saturday dealt with "Character Building by Discipline, Influence and Opportunity," and "The Problems of Moral Instruction," and then on Monday the burning question of the "Relation of Religious Education to Moral Education" came up for consideration, while in Section B special problems were dealt with. In the afternoon "Systematic Moral Instruction" was the subject, and in Section C, "The Teaching of Special Moral Subjects." On both of these sessions we hope to have a few notes next week.

Tuesday morning's session dealt with the "Relation of Moral Education to Education under other Aspects" (physical, æsthetic, &c.), and in the afternoon the subject was "The Problem of Moral Education under Varying Conditions of Age and Opportunity" (Kindergarten, University, Technical and Continuation schools, &c.), while Section D dealt with "Biology and Moral Education." The papers in section A (religion) and section D are printed in the book.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

On Tuesday afternoon the business meeting was also held, under Professor Sadler's presidency. It was decided that another Congress should be held in 1912, unless special circumstances should make an earlier date desirable; this and the question of the place of meeting were left in the hands of the general committee. The vice-presidents and general committee (whose names are printed in the book) were re-appointed, with various names added to their number, and the Congress appointed a special committee, including Professor Sadler, the President of the General Committee (M. Léon Bourgeois), the Vice-President of the General Committee (Professor Förster), the President of the

Executive Committee of the Congress, 1908 (Mrs. Bryant), the Vice-President of the Executive Committee of the Congress, 1908 (Professor Adamson), the General Secretary for Great Britain (Mr. Harrold Johnson), and the General Secretary (Mr. Gustav Spiller), with power to add to their number, to consider the following matters, and to report thereon to the General Committee:—

"(1) The desirability of publishing some record of the proceedings of the present Congress; (2) the date and place of the next Congress; (3) the desirability of establishing an international bureau of moral education and the scope of the duties which might be entrusted to it; (4) the desirability of taking steps to establish an international journal of moral education, or of adapting some existing journal to that purpose, and to act as an executive committee in the other business of the Congress."

The resolution was moved by Professor Münch of Berlin, seconded by Professor Boutroux and unanimously passed. Cordial votes of thanks were passed to the University of London, to the friends who had made the holding of the Congress financially possible, to the officers and committee, and especially to Mr. Gustav Spiller, for his devoted work as secretary.

An informal social gathering in the evening brought the Congress to a close.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

THE accident to Mr. Barnes in South Wales fortunately is not likely to be followed by any serious consequences. He has escaped with a badly contused hip, which will require some weeks of careful nursing, and he is naturally suffering from the effects of the shock. He has, however, been able to leave the hospital, and can move about a little with assistance. Mr. Barnes is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Whiting, of Merthyr, until the close of the mission, so that his advice may be available to the friends who are conducting the meetings, and his place as lay missionary is being filled by Mr. R. S. Davies, of Cefn Coed.

In all the districts the meetings have suffered from cold and wet, and the attendances consequently are not so large as in most previous weeks. The mission is drawing to a close, and next week will see the work completed. The London van is to finish at Hounslow this (Saturday) evening, the Scotch tour finished on Thursday, and the Midlands and Welsh Vans will hold their closing meetings about Wednesday next.

An illustrated lecture on "The Story of the Van Mission" will shortly be ready, and the mission will send a lecturer to any church or school which will pay travelling expenses and take an offertory in aid of the mission.

LONDON DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—The van remained in Guildford the whole of the week, the services being conducted until the Wednesday by Rev. R. J. Hall, and afterwards by Mr. George Ward and the lay missioner. The services continued to be splendidly attended, and the local friends were so encouraged by the results that they have asked for a return visit, which, however,

it is hardly possible to arrange for at the end of the season. Mr. Hall says the meetings were attended by a large number of professed agnostics, whose attitude may be judged from the words of one, "The gospel that you preach is the only one that seems likely to reconstruct my belief in God."

MIDLAND DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. B. TALBOT).—Three good meetings were held at Smethwick where the Oldbury people rendered much assistance. Rev. G. L. Phelps was missioner, and he was assisted by Revs. W. G. Topping and T. Paxton. Orthodox opponents created some diversion on two evenings by attempts to announce their own meetings, and generally to disturb the meetings, but they received scant sympathy from the audiences.

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT (Lay Missioners, Messrs. A. BARNES and R. S. DAVIES).—Large meetings were held at Penyrheol-geryg, where Rev. M. Evans was the missioner, assisted by Rev. J. Hathren Davies. A goodly number of young men were found to be in strong sympathy with the work of the Mission. At Dowlais Rev. T. J. Jenkins acted as missioner, and Rev. J. P. Kane presided. The site here was unfavourable, but helpful meetings were held, and the attendances were satisfactory.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Guildford, September 21 to 27, seven meetings, attendance 3,170.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.—Smethwick, September 21 to 23, three meetings, attendance 900; Handsworth, September 24 to 27, four meetings, 610.

SCOTLAND.—Larbert, September 21 to 26, five meetings, attendance 2,250; Bonnybridge, September 27, 500.

SOUTH WALES.—Penyrheol-geryg, September 21 to 23, three meetings, attendance 1,350; Dowlais, September 24 to 27, four meetings, 800.

TOTALS.—September 21 to 27, twenty-seven meetings, attendance 9,580, average 354.

THOS. P. SPEDDING.

Clovercourt, Buckingham-road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

SCOTTISH VAN.

Mr. Russell reports good meetings even on one night when he seemed "to be talking to innumerable umbrellas." He mentions with regret that his services in the Public Hall at Bonnybridge have also come to an end. On October 11 he begins work at Kirkcaldy.

THE Christ after the flesh is known no more; but the Christ of the Spirit is continually incarnate in humanity, and the willing victim of the cross is lifted up wherever sin is put away by sacrifice and souls are redeemed by love. We dare not limit the expression of a faith so glorious to the dialect of ancient Scriptures. We believe the half has never been told by prophet, apostle, or Messiah, and that, as they foretold, the Spirit is for ever coming to lead mankind into forms of truth and good of which we do not yet know how to dream.—C. G. Ames.

THE ENCHANTED WOODS.

(THE NEW FOREST, JULY, 1908.)

"Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare."—*Geo. Meredith.*

MIDSUMMER DAY had passed, and the last petals were blown from the wild roses, that, three short weeks before, had made the hedgerows beautiful, but the brambles were covered with blossoms that promised a great crop of blackberries for the children to gather in September.

So it always is with Nature; when one beautiful thing dies, something equally beautiful comes to take its place, and there is no break in the constant procession of summer flowers.

The birds were mostly silent. Sometimes a jay called a warning note as he flew across a woodland path, or the quietness of the forest was accentuated by the reiterated tapping of a busy woodpecker. But, although the birds were songless, the air was full of music, for innumerable insects were singing to themselves as they flew to and fro in the hot sunshine. It had not rained for weeks, and the earth was like iron beneath, while above, the sky shone like a dome of burnished metal from which the sun blazed on the parched brown grass, and lit with points of silver the shiny surfaces of the oak leaves, and the great sprays of bracken that grew so thickly between their trunks.

I crossed a heath, where little blue and tawny butterflies fluttered among the heather, and came to a stream that ran through a wood and beneath an old stone bridge. Here, on a bank, I rested awhile, glad of the coolness that the water seemed to bring with it. The stream chattered past me, running beneath the shade of overhanging hazel boughs, moving the pointed reeds as it flowed over the mossy stones and played with the lights and shadows that flickered across the surface of the ripples that talked to the tattered herbage and told merry secrets to the old willows whose leaves trembled with quiet laughter in reply. There is nothing quite so communicative as running water, if you will only sit still and listen to its chatter. It has travelled so far, and seen so much on its journey, that it brims over with small-talk, and is never silent for a moment.

I looked into the water, that would not be still, and watched "the netted sunbeams dance against the sandy shallows" and the small life at play. Tiny fishes moved swiftly and silently, like shadows among the shadows, when they saw me, or hung quite still where they were very difficult to see. Beetles and strange insects darted in and out among the weeds, and in a dark deep pool, out of the main flow, I saw a big trout, happy because he knew he was safe.

Thousands of gnats and flies flickered over the water, and some green-and-blue dragon-flies, with bright bronze wings, flashed to and fro in the sunshine. I rose and followed the stream into the emerald gloom of the wood, where the dancing shadows were more bewildering than ever, and the sunlight, broken by the leaves and branches, fell in splashes of brightness on the root-crossed path. The trees closed over me, and the path narrowed until it was lost among the bracken that grew shoulder-high. Great lichen-covered oak

trunks rose, like the pillars of a cathedral, to support their arches of leaves, and dark pines held twisted branches of glossy foliage against vistas of deep blue sky. A squirrel chirruped and leapt from branch to branch, and two wild things broke through the bracken and bounded away with light, easy leaps to the sheltering brushwood where the sun shone through the leaves of maple and hazel. I followed as silently and quickly as I could, and found two fawns standing quite still among the bushes. The light spots on the rich brown of their glossy coats mimicked the dappled pattern that the woodland sunshine threw on the red earth so perfectly that if I had not known they were there I should never have seen them. Then my careless foot broke a dry stick, or the wind blew the scent of man to their sensitive nostrils, and in a moment the timid creatures broke away again, leaping over fallen trees and deep ditches, and dashing through the bracken until they were lost in the silent shadow-land beyond.

I had come to these woods to look for butterflies and moths, and I searched oak-trunk after oak-trunk for a large grey moth that I knew was fond of sitting with extended wings on the rough bark. I found two at last, but I should never have done so if I had not known exactly where to look for them, and what they were like, because their wings blended exactly with the grey of the lichen that covered the oak-trunks on which they rested. Nature cares for her little people as much as she cares for her bigger children, and the speckled wings of the Great Oak Beauty, and the dappled coat of the fawn, are not a matter of chance, but of wise purpose. Indeed, there seems to be a reason for the shape and colour of every insect and animal; the bright plumage of the cock-bird, that wins the heart of the hen, or the stripes on the broad sides of the fierce tiger, that look like jungle grass with the sunlight on it, are just part of nature's plan for the protection and increase of her children.

Half the poetry of the woods lies in their mystery. Alone in the leafy solitudes we feel that we are not alone. Was that a fox that stole behind yonder great beech-trunk, or the immortal Pan, whose pipes are never silent, but call ever to those who love the woodlands to follow him and leave for a while the sin and the sorrow, the clamour and the harsh discords of the crowded city, where men fight for gold? This, surely, is a saner and a better place of great peace and quietness—a peace deepened by the music of the rain falling on the forest leaves, a quietness that the voice of the wind singing through the tree-tops high above you seems only to strengthen. If there is little justice in towns, here you shall find the splendid justice of the sun that shines impartially on all. Yesterday a person that the world calls successful was presented with the freedom of a city. Would you not rather have the freedom of the woods, where, as Mr. George Meredith says:

"Sweet as Eden is the air,
As Eden sweet the ray.
No paradise is lost for them
Who foot by branching root and stem,
And lightly with the woodlands share
The change of night and day."

Something of their spirit will steal into your soul. You will feel as though you were about to discover a great secret. A mystery lurks in the shadowy depths; a great adventure awaits you beyond the turn of the winding path. For the woods are enchanted, and if men have abolished the fairies, the fairies have been generous and have not abolished men, and the imagination that made our ancestors people the forests with pixies and fairies still holds sway if we will cease for a moment to let our reason rule it.

It is very easy to believe in fairies when you are alone in the big woods.

In a sunny clearing, where the black-berry bushes offered their blossoms a feast for the bees, I found them at last, although practical people might have said they were only butterflies. Sibylla (the White Admiral), exquisitely apperelled in jet black and white, floated down the glade, lingering only to sip the nectar from some hanging blossom. Paphia (the Silver Washed Fritillary), golden-brown as he flashed to and fro in the sunshine, or sitting on a bracken frond with closed wings to show the bronzed green clouded with silver that makes their undersides so wonderful. Hyperanthus (the Ringlet), whose rich brown costume is ornamented with a number of delicately pencilled rings. All the fairies that I had met in the woods when I was a boy were there enjoying the warm sunshine and their free life among the leaves and flowers. These children of the air are the real fairies, more wonderful than any that Grimm or Hans Andersen ever dreamed of—their life history a miracle, their beauty "a joy for ever." As I stood watching them, on the bramble blossoms, spreading out their splendid wings to the sunshine, I scarcely noticed the strange hush that had fallen on the woods, or the breathless anticipation with which nature waited for something, till I heard a low mutter of thunder, and, looking through the trees, saw slate-blue clouds rising slowly from the north-west. The far-away mutter grew louder, and a big rain-drop smote a leaf like a falling shot. Another followed, and then another—patter, patter, patter on the leaves—and the wind came with the rain; it swayed the trees to and fro, and sent the loose leaves flying before it. Swiftly the lurid lightning zig-zagged across the dark sky, and the thunder crashed through the echoing woods. My fairies were all gone, but the thirsty earth was glad because of the rain. When the storm passed over, and the rain at last ceased—for, like most violent things, it was brief—the sun shone once more through dripping leaves, and in the distance I heard the stream rejoicing with a fuller voice.

And now the day is nearly over. The shadows have lengthened; the sunlight is a deeper gold; the pine trunks are lit with fire that slowly fades; and one by one the moths flutter over the wet herbage. The bats, soft as shadows, flit up and down the glades. Looking through the boughs of a pine, you see a star; it came so softly and silently that it took you by surprise. As you reverently gaze, another comes, and then another, until the darkening sky is studded with stars that shine through the trees like wondrous fairy-lamps. From yonder fir

tree a night jar sends forth his rattling note, and a big white owl swoops across the dark. Another day is over of sun, and shower, and blessing, and the world receives it in silence as it has received a thousand. We leave the forest to those wild creatures whose home is in the wilderness, to the spirit of peace, and to the God of Nature, who cares for all. But some day, with happy fortune, we will dare to enter "the enchanted woods"²² again.

J. W. NORGROVE.

THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH.

"We live, it is true, in the midst of a great injustice; but we have only recently acquired this knowledge, and we still grope for a remedy."
—*Masterlinck*.

FAME, as she glanced at the troubled face of the Poet, was not a little disturbed, but she restrained her curiosity and smiled gently, looking, indeed, like the personification of the summer which breathed all about them as she touched with her cool fingers the roses in her bosom. The Poet seemed quite unaware of her presence. He gazed with a somewhat abstracted air at the tufts of creamy honeysuckle which softly swayed above them in the breeze, and started violently as she laid her hand upon his arm.

"I had forgotten you were there!" he said abruptly.

"That's quite evident," she replied, with a momentary flash of anger in her eyes. "What is the matter with you? Are you meditating a sonnet?"²²

"No," he replied slowly; "I have no heart to write sonnets."²²

"Then you must be sorely in need of inspiration. Ah! I know what it is—you want a change of scene. You are longing for the sunlight on the shores of the Mediterranean, for the olive gardens and mountain-slopes of Italy and Greece; for warmth, and colour, and fragrance such as we cannot procure in England; for the romance of the South which tunes the heart to poesy. Well, you shall have all this—only you must give me again the homage you have denied me of late."

"I sometimes think," said the Poet, "that to pay you the homage you desire is harder than to live without your favour altogether. Oh! I do not wish to seem ungrateful," he added quickly, as Fame drew her hand away with an indignant gesture, "but I often wonder whether your gold and jewels, your pretty speeches and empty honours, are worth the feverish hours and insatiable longings which they cost mankind."²²

She smiled maliciously.

"If I were to cheapen my wares, men would not covet them. And what folly it is to grudge the price of the pleasures you cannot live without!"²²

The Poet looked at her gravely as he leaned forward, his hands clasped about his knee.

"Has it ever occurred to you that when all men love each other as brothers, your wares will be cheapened until they are a drug in the market?" he said.

"Well," replied Fame, with candour, "I have not failed to realise that I shouldn't get much out of a world peopled with saints! But as I don't believe in the

Utopian visions of muddle-headed enthusiasts, I console myself by reflecting that human beings will always be filled with the desire to outdo each other, and that there will always be a keen demand for the high places."²²

"A theory based on 'the law of the jungle,'" replied the Poet. "Listen, and I will tell you how the study of that law has poisoned even the fountain of poetry for me since we last talked together. One whom you know well has said that 'our veritable birth dates from the day when, for the first time, we feel at the deepest of us that there is something grave and unexpected in life.' That 'day' has dawned for me, and it has changed my outlook on the world."

"Oh! you poets!" said his companion irritably. "When you begin to think seriously one can do nothing with you. It generally ends in idealism of a transcendental kind, followed by starvation in a garret. Isn't the worship of the beautiful enough for you but you must needs prate about the 'something' that is 'grave and unexpected in life'?"²² It makes me angry to see such discontent reigning in the hearts of those whom the gods have so greatly blessed."²²

"I, too, felt like that once," said the Poet, "and it seemed to me that I could conceive of no nobler life than that of the singer who weaves the glow of the sunlight, and the fragrance of flowers, into lyrics full of passion and perfume. I desired perpetually to hear sweet sounds, to gaze on lovely things; and, above all, I yearned for the praises of men which you had promised me. But....."²²

"But what?"²²

"Well, then," continued the Poet, "I had a dream, and in my dream I saw a pale-faced woman sitting by a little dead child scarred with a loathsome disease, and she turned to me with her hands outstretched—poor, toilworn hands, which could never have been beautiful!—and asked me to comfort her. At first I sang of the Age of Gold when gods came down to dwell with men, but she only gazed at me with unseeing eyes. And then I sang of the nymphs and dryads who peopled the woods of ancient Greece, but she did not seem to understand. And then I sang of the joy of men and women who worshipped, in the Hesperides of fancy, the beautiful divinity, Eros; but this, too, seemed as an idle tale to her. And lastly I sang of buttercups in deep green meadows, of pleasant country lanes, of fresh, sweet moorland air, and the breath of English lilac; of the lowing of kine, and the perfume of new milk. At that she turned upon me like a fury, her poor thin face transfigured by misery and anger. 'Is this how you comfort me,' she cried, 'by telling me of things whereof we in the Abyss have such sore need, and for lack of which my little one has died? Even your fables of gods and goddesses, which an ignorant woman cannot hope to understand, were better than this picture which you draw of the joys that might be ours if we did not toil for the pleasures of the rich. I have never heard of the Golden Age, but those meadows full of buttercups are bathed with sunlight at this moment while I and my brothers and sisters stifle in the atmosphere of a noisome slum, mourning

for the children who never had the roses of health in their pinched cheeks. Go away, and cease to trouble me with your empty pity. Write your wonderful poems, if it pleases you, for those who have been educated to understand them, and leave those whom you cannot help to weep for the sorrow which has no ending.' With that she turned once more to gaze on the face of the dead child, and I was dumb."²²

For a moment neither said a word, then Fame smiled cynically.

"That is an old tale," she said, curling her lip, "which always draws tears from the sentimentalist. Your pale-faced mother is generally the slave of drink, and the child is in most cases better dead than alive. Do not trouble your head about such things."²²

"I passed into the crowded alley," the Poet went on, as if Fame had not spoken, "and there I saw how squalor and suffering had cankered the souls of the people, stamping ugliness on their features until it seemed as if all beauty had died out of humanity. Corrupted by filth and poverty, disease and crime, want of food and low desires, they looked indeed like a race of savages living beyond the bounds of civilisation; and yet they seemed contented with their lot. Nobody appeared to be afflicted with a sense of the utter hideousness of his surroundings; no one seemed capable of desiring anything beyond the material necessities which merely keep life in the body. How could you talk to such helots of beauty and grace, of the pleasures of the imagination, or even of 'the consolations of religion'? I suddenly realised, with awful bitterness, that before a man or woman can even remotely understand the poetry which is to me as the breath of existence, at least food, clothing, education, and the capacity for enjoyment, must be ensured to them."²²

"Dear me!" said Fame. "You talk like an inspired vestryman!"²²

"Of life they might well say," continued the other with a bitter smile, "'What care I how fair she be, If she be not fair to me?' When you have toiled and suffered like a slave, you will have, for the most part, slavish ideas."²²

"It must be confessed," said Fame, with a sententious air, "that the affairs of this world are badly managed, but that's not *our* affair. Poverty and sorrow are almost as old as time, but no real remedy has ever been found for either. At all events, *you* are not responsible for the sufferings of the outcasts of society, neither did you create death, that you should become so conscience-stricken because it carries off the superfluous population at an early age."²²

"No," said the Poet, "I alone am not responsible for these things, but they take the zest out of the worship of beauty for its own sake."²²

"I suppose, then," said Fame, with a bored expression, "that you are now filled with a desire to be of use in the world! Believe me, a passion for reforming society is the destruction of art."

"But what if the suppression of sympathy were the death of the imagination? Think of it! One would not willingly shut up a rose-bush in a cellar, where its bloom would wither for want

of light and air; and yet one tolerates the injustice which suffers a child's flower-like body to be eaten by disease, and finally robbed of life, for lack of such nurture as a market-gardener gives to his cabbages! Isn't this horrible, even in your eyes? ¹¹

"Horrible indeed," acquiesced Fame lightly; "but, as I said before, it's not my affair, and it ought not to be yours. After all, there are plenty of good people who like nothing better than engaging in the work of 'elevating the masses,' but it is no part of an artist's duty to bother himself with the problems which oppress the soul of the district visitor! You must promote the cult of beauty, and see that the goddess you serve is worthily praised by the finer spirits among mankind." ¹²

"Beauty," ¹¹ said the Poet musingly, "a divinity that cannot soar because her feet are imprisoned in mire! How if one worked in the filth that defiles her to set that glorious vision free? ¹²

"I suppose you mean, in plain language, how if you made a martyr of yourself by going down into the Abyss, only to contract a fever because you are not used to the poisoned atmosphere, and add one more to the number of premature deaths you deplore? ¹²

The Poet rose from his chair, and paced to and fro as if his thoughts would not let him rest.

"I have always," he said, with a flush born of inward excitement, "been fascinated by the words 'he descended into hell,' but I am only just beginning to realise their significance. Is there not something stimulating in the thought that we poets might help our brothers more if we were not so afraid of the Inferno? At all events—¹² He paused, and, drawing down a branch of honeysuckle, lovingly examined its delicate amber and pink blossoms.

"At all events," said Fame, moodily staring at him, "I plainly see that you are not going to do me much credit! But I should like to warn you that if you seek my favour again when your Utopian schemes have lost their glamour, you will find that I can be as unforgiving as you are Quixotic. Renounce Fame, and she will depart from you." ¹²

The Poet smiled at her half sadly, half regretfully, but he uttered no word, and his eyes did not follow her as she slowly passed out of the garden.

LAURA ACKROYD.

A GREAT many of our churches still need to learn the primary lesson that to "look out, and not in, and lend a hand" is as truly the law of the associated life of a church as it is the law of the spiritual life of the individual. A church given only to self-culture, anxious not to minister, but to be ministered unto, is less than half of a church. How great would be the gain in the vitality and usefulness of some of our churches if they could only discover the truth that the church that is always considering its own life by that act loses it, while the church which loses its life in self-denying service of truth and righteousness by that act finds its power and perpetuity.—*Samuel A. Eliot.*

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A MINUTE.

ONCE, in Essex Hall, I heard an American minister tell a story of a Sunday School. A teacher, coming into his class, said, "Well, boys, what shall I talk to you about?" And one of them answered, "Talk to us about a minute!"

Now, in a sense different from that meant by the ready-witted boy, I am going to talk to you about a minute.

A minute is a very small thing, but it is of very great value. A minute is alive. Did you ever think of that? Yes, it is alive, has wings, and can fly very fast. Every hour sixty of these minutes fly past you. Sometimes people talk about "killing time." Fancy that! Killing minutes! But you can't kill a minute. You might fire a shot at it, but before your bullet could reach it, it would have sailed away with its white wings, like the swallow, into the land where it is always summer; only, unlike the swallow, it would never come back, but it would go on sailing away, and away, and away, until it became a blot, a speck in the sky, and then disappeared, never to return. But, because you could no longer see it, it would not be dead; for a minute is part of eternity, and eternity is for ever. You can no more cut a minute out of eternity than you can cut a piece out of the round sky.

"Wait a minute!" Well, you may wait, but a minute will not. "I will do it in a minute." You may, but the present minute will be lost.

Though a minute is so small, it is very useful. You may do a great deal in a minute. You may speak a kind word, give a kind look that will never be forgotten, and the minute will bear it on its wings to that summer land, where all the angels will gather round and say, "It is beautiful!" In a minute you may speak a harsh word, or give a hard look, which also shall never be forgotten, or which will take a long time to forget; for the minute will go fluttering away with a wound in its white wing, and those who gather round will weep, and cry, "What a pity! What a pity!"

You cannot build a city, nor a house, nor even a dog-kennel, in a minute; but in a minute you can sow a seed which will grow and grow, and climb towards the sun, and spread its arms in the air, and strike its roots into the soil, and, when the houses have fallen and the city is crumbled away, the great tree shall stand—the work of a minute.

You cannot master arithmetic, or geography, or French, in a minute; but in a minute you can resolve, "I will master my work, whatever it is," and already, if you really mean it, you will have won a great victory.

Some time ago, in America, a thoughtless and cruel boy altered the switch of some railway points. In a minute he killed twenty people and terribly injured many more.

A mother was laughing merrily, and there came a messenger with pale face who began, "Your son—" But her laugh turned to a shriek, and she fell dead in a minute. In a minute—life, laughter, crying, death.

But the minute in which we pass from life to death is not necessarily an evil minute. Worse things happen than death. In the judgment-hall someone said to Peter, "Thou art one of his disciples." In a minute Peter replied, "Man, I am not." And the minute caught up that lie, and went sailing on and on, with the black stain on its white wing, and that lie has never been forgotten.

Every minute is full of power for good or ill. In a minute you may act on a good impulse which will change your whole life. You may, in a thoughtful moment, realise, "My father, my mother, my friend loves me"; and you will say, "Then let me be, let me do, something worthy of that love." Or you may lay hold on this truth: God never changes; and in a minute that may work a wonderful change in you. Or you may think, "God loves me," and if you see what that means, your life will become a new thing.

So much damage can be done in so short a time.

So much good can be done in so short a time.

On her death-bed Queen Elizabeth is reported to have cried, "A million of money for an inch of time!" A million of money for a minute! Yes, minutes, not money, are real wealth. Pence make pounds; so do the minutes make the hours. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. So, take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.

Remember, then, the minutes are alive, they carry the story of the way we use them into eternity. Therefore, let us use them well. Some day we may have to meet them again. They will not return to us, but we shall go to them. Memory will bring us face to face with them. Wasted moments (as one of our beautiful prayers puts it) will rise up in judgment against us. So, while the minutes are ours, let us plant, not pluck up; learn, not idle; do kind deeds, not harsh ones; save life, not destroy it. In a word, let us "give to God each minute as it flies."

A. T.

THE Rev. J. Page Hopps announces a series of Sunday evening lectures on "Rational Religion," to be given in the new St. James's Hall, Great Portland-street, W. The lectures, particulars of which are advertised in another column, are to begin on October 18. The help of friends to secure a good attendance will be cordially welcomed.

THE late Dr. Bigg had practically completed, at the time of his death, a book entitled "The Origin of Christianity." This work is now being seen through the press by Dr. T. B. Strong, Dean of Christ Church, and will, it is hoped, be ready for publication by the Oxford University Press early in 1909.

A FEW more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those with whom I live.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

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LONDON, OCTOBER 3, 1908.

THE WITNESS OF THE CHURCHES

WITH October we are fairly launched on the season of the winter's work, and it is always well at such a time to seek for a moment of quiet recollection, that we may be quite clear what it is that we are about, what are the things for which we must care the most, on what points the chief stress of our endeavour should be laid. And when that conviction is clear, we shall know where we must look for the renewal of our strength.

This summer, during the holiday months, an unusual number of added interests have appealed to us. Throughout the whole of the season the work of the Van Mission has been steadily carried on in four several districts, with a greater success than ever in the matter of numbers drawn to hear the preacher's word and in the keen interest of inquiring minds and the sympathetic response that has been evoked. This experience makes to our churches a most serious appeal. Supposing hundreds of these earnest hearers are drawn, not simply to a passing interest in a message that is new to them and attractive both to reason and conscience, but are so far possessed by the conviction that this is the truth as to desire a permanent religious fellowship with those of like mind and heart—if they come into our churches, what would they find there? Or if they come together in new centres to form such churches, what binding force of a living fellowship would there be? Will they find in the churches that already exist the true and happy spirit of a home life, a sense of vital communion with the Unseen, the strong impulse of a better life, refreshment, uplifting, inspiration, and the gladness of a genuine brotherhood? And in those who would help them to come together in new centres, to make a new home of faith and brotherly fellowship in religious life, will they find the energy of a steady purpose and clear insight into the true ideal, which will lay good foundations for a free church and a spiritual communion, and so command an abiding loyalty and confidence which springs from the vital germs of growth?

The appeal is constantly renewed, and

only comes to us now with this special emphasis, that in the fellowship of our churches the true spirit of worship should be reverently guarded and the impulse of a common life of trust and earnest service and unselfish love receive ever new access from the glad self-giving of every member. Each one must find his own truer, richer life in the fellowship, as member of the community, a living body. So the effective power of the church is built up, and retains its healthy energy of life, which reaches out to others also and draws them in, and quickens in them the renewal of faith and love. Each one, with earnest, humble spirit—the elders, the young people, the children in their measure—brings an offering which helps to make the pervading spirit of worship in the house of prayer, the quietness, the inward waiting for the word of truth, the outpouring of gladness and thankfulness, the aspiration reaching out to higher, better things; and to all alike and together is granted the benediction in answer to the common prayer, the deep sense of resting in the Divine presence, rejoicing in the strength of the Eternal, and in the great communion of living souls. This is the central meaning of the church, which must secure for it an abiding place in human life, as serving the highest ends, and with an effective power of its own. The church stands for fellowship in the life with God, and as the home is the guardian of all that is holiest and best in our common humanity, so the church must be the larger home of the spirit for brethren of like mind and heart. There are many homes in the land, and many churches. We have each to be true to our own, and so render also our best help to the well-being of our people as a whole.

The self-giving asked of each one, for the making of the home, and the true fellowship of the church, is not confined to the central offering to the heart of its worship, but with the sincerity and humility of such a gift goes naturally another, making for brotherly fellowship and a happy co-operation in all manner of good work, both within the church, of which the school is naturally part, and beyond its borders, reaching out into the world for effectual social service and helpful ministry to all human needs. The church in which there is felt to be the true spirit of worship and the energy of wise and happy service, does not disappoint those who come in to seek a home for rest and companionship in the things of the higher life. This is the constant appeal. Are we doing our part? Are we giving of our best, and always glad to give? Is it the prayer of our whole nature that finds living utterance there?

During these last weeks there have been two other great interests which have stirred our thought of the deep things of the religious life—the International Con-

gress for the History of Religions and the Moral Education Congress. Each in its own way is a challenge to the churches. The study of religions sends one home to the springs of our own religious life to ask, Is this the highest and the amplest truth to which we can attain? And are we ourselves true to that truth? If we criticise and judge other forms of faith, are we not ourselves judged? And can we not come to clearer vision, and a firmer hold upon the essential things of life? Then we are quiet, in the thought of the Eternal. TRUTH, we know, is greater than any of the measures of our mind. It is not for us to compass the Infinite and Eternal. There are those who ignorantly speak of an absolute and final revelation, but we have a happier confidence in the knowledge that in our growing life we are being led. The light granted to us is lovely, and we see it is of heaven. It penetrates our being. But it is the marvel of our spiritual life that we know there is more to come, and we are content to be led by the One who alone perfectly knows. Our prayer is that in us our FATHER's will may be done. His grace is sufficient for us. In His strength alone we are strong.

And here comes in that other challenge of the Moral Law. For there we have our surest hold upon the strength of the Eternal, and the clue which leads us through all those various paths of the unfolding religious thought. Many a one, despairing of assured conviction as to the truth of God, has found refuge in the thought that he could yet be true to what he knew in his own heart to be right. That surrender brought peace, and a sure bond of union in human fellowship. But then the deeper insight. For this, in truth, is not of ourselves, but of the Eternal. It is the peace of God which quiets the troubled heart. We are surrendered to that Other, who is over all, the One eternal Power in human hearts ever making for righteousness. There were those at the Moral Education Congress who affirmed that morals were best taught apart from religion. They can, of course, be so taught, but the moral law does not gain its profoundest hold upon the human heart, nor is it fully understood, until it is recognised as indeed of God. It is for us, in the fellowship of our churches, in the communion of worship and the self-surrender of devoted work, to seek ever more perfectly to realise that deeper truth, and to manifest its power amid all the concerns of our human life.

It is the pure in heart who see purity, and whom it makes happy. It is those who love who can know love, and to whom it is unbounded joy. It is they who are of the truth, who hear truth's voice, to whom it is the music of the world. It is they who see, and know, and hear these things who become consciously at one with God.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

GREETINGS AT EIGHTY.

LAST year at this time many of us were freshly come from the happy experiences of the International week in Boston of the Congress of Religious Liberals. The memories we have of those days have by no means grown cold, and the volume of the proceedings, "Freedom and Fellowship in Religion," is in our hands. But there is something better than memories and the recorded word, which we cherish from those days, and that is the living friendships which then were made.

At the Wednesday morning communion service in King's Chapel, the address was given by the Rev. CHARLES GORDON AMES, who, twenty years ago, succeeded the late JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE as minister of the Church of the Disciples in Boston. These lines are offered to him as a greeting from friends in England on this day, which is his eightieth birthday. Six years ago such a celebration came to Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALL, five years ago to ROBERT COLLYER; now across the ocean we stretch out hands of affectionate greeting to this other friend, glad and thankful for what he is to us, rejoicing with his people of the Church of the Disciples that his is still a living ministry in their midst. When he was seventy-five they had a very happy celebration, which revealed him to us as he is in the hearts of his friends; and what has been done to-day we shall hear in due course. But one thing we know already. This commemoration is marked by the publication of a volume of his prayers, which, unknown to him, a friend preserved in writing from the services of the Church of the Disciples, and which, "carefully revised, amended, and wholly re-written in the light of after thought," are now issued by the American Unitarian Association. Some of these we have been privileged to see beforehand, and thus more fully than ever he is revealed to us. A few passages from the prayers are added here, that while we offer this birthday greeting, we may also hear his voice, and have renewed reason for our thankfulness.

A native of New Hampshire, born Oct. 3, 1828, our first glimpse of CHARLES GORDON AMES is as a "printer lad" engaged for three years on a Free Baptist paper, the *Morning Star*. Then, when he was eighteen, he preached for the first time, and it was agreed among his Baptist brethren "that Brother AMES be licensed to improve his gift." Three years later, in November, 1849, he was ordained out West, in Ohio. Then by degrees he found the limitations of his church fellowship a hindrance to his sincere and eager spirit, and he was obliged to come out. "I became," he said in a sermon of retrospect, "Fifty Years a Minister," preached in 1899, "a Catholic, but without Roman, Anglican, or other limitations. I found

myself at home in the world of religion, caring as little for sectarian divisions as a squirrel cares for rail fences and stone walls in woods and fields. All the problems lay open, and I was in no haste to settle them till the light should show the way. My new business was to feel after the everlasting foundations of the spiritual order—foundations which lie deeper than church or creed or book, in the soul of man and the world of God; or, as LOWELL says, 'in that original and eternal life out of which all the traditions have arisen.'" In those years his was largely a missionary ministry. After the War he was for seven years in California, then, from 1872 to 1877, at Germantown, Philadelphia, where SAMUEL LONGFELLOW was afterwards minister. From October, 1877, to 1880 he edited the *Christian Register* in Boston, three momentous years in the history of the Unitarian fellowship, in which his influence strongly made for unity and the true ideal of a broad, inclusive fellowship. There followed eight years in Philadelphia again, with the Third Unitarian Church, and then, in 1889, he returned to Boston to undertake his present charge. It was in Philadelphia that, seeking for some expression in a few words of the purpose of their church fellowship, the statement, now so widely adopted, came to him, "In the freedom of truth and in the spirit of JESUS CHRIST, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man."

"Sermons of Sunrise" is the title of a volume of his, gathering up the sermons preached in the Church of the Disciples during the first six months of 1901. A few sentences from one of these on "The New Religion," may be added to the words of the Covenant, as well expressing the spirit of his ministry. "A variety of causes," he said, "operate to disunite and divide men—all social exclusiveness, the spirit of caste, the spirit of party, the pride of the rich, the envy of the poor, the greed which crowds and snatches, the international and racial prejudices—all these are anti-religious and anti-Christian, because they are devisive instead of being uniting. The business of religion is to root up all these ugly weeds, and give the whole ground to the heavenly Father's plant of supreme love for Himself and of equal love for each other. Behold the two great commands of religion: 'Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'"

At the birthday celebration five years ago, one who spoke from intimate knowledge of Dr. AMES declared the most characteristic thing about him to be that "he has a gift for human relations," and that to him the adage might be most fitly applied: "a man may travel through the world and sow it thick with friendships." Another testimony was also

quoted as to "a remarkable quality of his, a power of sympathy and understanding, which led him into the most direct relations with his fellow-men, and enabled him to be of the greatest personal help to them."

Those are happy things to remember on an old man's birthday, who is ever young. Then it was seventy-five, now it is eighty, and love and gratitude are all the more glad of a hand-clasp and the sunny smile, and that deeper knowledge of the things which endure unto eternal life.

ATHANASIA.

THE ship may sink,
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I,
Though falls the sky,
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath!
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.
Not of the clod
Is the life of God;
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.
CHARLES G. AMES.

PRAYERS

IN THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

ALMIGHTY LORD of heaven and earth; forever hidden in Thy self-existent being, dwelling in the light which no man can see; yet forever manifest in Thy creation and in the souls where Thy greatest work is done! Behold, we are Thine offspring! We accept our intelligence as a ray of Thy shining, and our aspiration as an interview with Thy spirit. We crave to be in communion with Thee and with all who are Thine. In the clasp of hands, in the fellowship of hearts, and in this high and sacred privilege of common prayer and praise, may we feel the pulsations of the Universal Life.

As our thoughts wander up and down eternity—back through infinite ages; forward through infinite ages; or as we gaze upward into immensity, vainly striving to fathom the awful depths, thick strewn with shining worlds; we seem both lost and found in the vastness of the universe. Overcome with the sense of our littleness, we are yet exalted by a sense of our greatness; for to us is given the vision of sublimity, though the constellations are blind to their own splendours.

And the place where we stand is holy ground—the earth is one of the stars of God! We are a part of the general assembly of spirits who bow reverently to a common Father, as sharers of the love that is impartial, unpurchased, universal and everlasting. May our reverence for that awful Presence never be weakened

by familiarity nor be degraded into the boldness which is profanity. Yet, as happy children, dwelling with the Father, may we be calm and strong, fearless and true, trustful and glad.

May the sense of the brotherhood lift us up to Thee and join us in holy relations with each other, so that we may live together day by day in truth and love and simple faithfulness, in cheerful companionship along the upward road. May we make it easier for all to live in freedom and in gladness. May we do nothing that shall sadden or darken or hinder or mislead any human soul by our own unfaithfulness.

All the world is in Thy hands. Thou seest the end from the beginning. Thou who art the God of the troubled nations, Thou carest for all Thou hast made. Teach mankind Thy law and Thy gospel, that unkindness and injustice everywhere may give way to good will and brotherhood.

So teach us in the spirit of Christ to overcome evil with good. May we never doubt the victory of righteousness. And so, here and now, we consecrate our lives, we consecrate our pleasures and our pains, our joys and our sorrows; praying that we may learn the true wisdom, and that by patient continuance in well-doing we may so number our days as to grow more fit for the higher service. AMEN.

Behold Thy servants, who wait to learn and do Thy will. Henceforth may that will be ours. If we have been absorbed and buried alive in poor self-interests, if we have foolishly followed paths that lead nowhere, in pursuit of pleasures that weary and gains that turn to losses, Thou knowest it was because we were only blind.

But now Thou dost touch our eyes and we see. Now would we put away our silly pride, and pray to enter the kingdom as little children—as children of the light, and companions of those who walk abroad in the white garments of innocence.

God of mercy, may not these things be? May we not lay aside every weight of hindering habit and besetting sin, and run the race with firmness of foot and gladness of heart? May we not feel the love which is in the heart of law, enjoy the glorious freedom of willing service, and know that duty is another name for delight in the yoke that has become easy?

O that we may leave the things that ought to be behind—leave our poor past and poor present—leave our dull plodding along the common levels, and trust ourselves to the wings of faith and hope to bear us up to the higher realms and the purer air!

Forgive the selfishness that makes our prayers profane! How often have we asked amiss, as if the impartial Giver could treat us as favourites! May a purer spirit prompt us to seek no blessing, great or small, which we could not sincerely wish for every one of Thy family and ours! For their sakes, for worthier service, and that in us Thy perfect will may be done, do we pray for all the gifts and graces and attainments that may

qualify us to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with our God.

Prepare us as a people—prepare all who call on Thy name—to shine as lights in the world. In the faith and faithfulness of Jesus, in his obedience to the Spirit, and in his love of the least of his brethren, may we live and labour for the day when Thy saving health shall be known in all the earth. AMEN.

We pray for the quickening of our social sense—our feeling of relationship to one another and to mankind. Thou hast set us in the family; Thine are all the dearer, domestic ties and the sacred bonds of friendship and civic order; the union of hearts and hands in industry and in the exchange of services and sympathies; Thine the spreading intercourse and acquaintance between the nations, so that no people can live in isolation and independence. For this great school of justice and good-will we give thanks to the Father of mankind.

We remember in our prayer those who are in any kind of sorrow or suffering, and count it a sweet privilege that we may sometimes comfort others as we are comforted of God. As we rejoice with the happy or weep with the sad, may both the pleasures and the pains of the common lot work in us a fitness and a readiness to meet wisely the ever-coming occasions of helpfulness. Give us the wisdom that is pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

O Spirit of Truth, may the way of life be lighted up for all mankind! May we not only see and abhor the evil, but may we know how to overcome evil with good. Send us prophets and leaders who come not to destroy, but to fulfil. In the face of all confusion and error, fraud and violence, and of man's inhumanity to man, may we never lose our faith that right makes might, that truth and love are stronger than falsehood and hate, and that this is God's world through all generations. Thus shall Thy name be our strong tower and rock of defence. In that name may we set up our banners, fight the good fight of faith, and convert every defeat into victory. AMEN.

THE annual meeting of the Yorkshire Unitarian Club is to be held at Chapel-lane Chapel, Bradford, on Saturday next, October 10. Business at 5 prompt. At 7 p.m. Professor Jacks, of Manchester College, Oxford, is to lecture on "Collectivism in Religion." On Sunday, October 11, Mr. Jacks is to preach for the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams in the Greenfield Congregational Church at Bradford.

A CARD from Dr. Tudor Jones, dated Wellington, N.Z., August 21, brings the welcome news that they are ready to begin building their new church. The land cost £1,287, and with this the total will be about £4,000. Dr. and Mrs. Tudor Jones have collected nearly £1,700, and they have another £600; so there is still ample room for generous gifts from friends in the old country.

IS HEGELIANISM HARMFUL TO MORALITY?

SIR,—Professor Upton assures us that the "one fact of ethical importance" is contained in the proposition "you might have done otherwise." This means that the one important matter for the moralist is to be able to convince the agent (always a sinner in my friend's examples) that he needn't have done what he did. I should have thought that a far more important matter is to persuade him to do something better now.

I would suggest that the question of the respective "harmfulness" of my friend's views and mine should be strictly tried by this test. The test should be, not "which system is more successful in convincing the sinner that he might have done something else THEN?" but "which is more likely to induce him to do better NOW?"

The essential mark of the view I am advocating is that a necessary connection exists between the self of any moment and the actions in which that self is expressed. The essential mark of my friend's view is the denial of this connection; which must mean that a man is "free" to perform actions which do not express his self, or character, there and then. Which of these two positions is the more likely to induce men to do better than they have done?

My friend appears to think that a man who is convinced of a necessary connection between his past self and his past (evil) actions, will feel himself justified in "doing it again," and forthwith do it. That is where the "harmfulness" of Hegelianism resides. On the other hand, the only way to persuade him not to do it in the future is to convince him that he needn't have done it in the past. These, unless I again misunderstand him, are Professor Upton's views.

Yesterday I played a game of chess and lost. I lost because, being ignorant that a certain move would have won, I made another. I am fully convinced that there was a necessary connection between my ignorance of the right move, and my making the wrong one. I am fully convinced that the conduct of my chess-playing self then and there was the inevitable consequence of the chess-playing state of that self—its general want of skill, and its ignorance of a particular move. Does this mean that I feel myself bound to repeat my mistake the next time I play? Surely it means the exact opposite? It means that *I am not going to do that again*. My conviction that the bad result of yesterday was the necessary consequence of yesterday's ignorance, is the ground of my confidence that something better will result from present knowledge of my mistake. Armed with that confidence, I at once engage in another game, this time with more creditable results.

I shall, of course, be told that there is no analogy between chess playing and conduct, or that I am degrading morality to the level of chess playing. This, I submit, is merely a conventional mode of importing prejudice into the discussion. Chess playing and morality are different in many respects, but alike in this—that both are forms of rational procedure. And it is only in the aspect of

rational procedure that either Professor Upton or I can make morals the subject matter of *philosophy*.

Let us then go on, undeterred by this objection, to consider how the improvement of the chess player is affected by my friend's denial of necessary connection, always remembering that the player's improvement is the important matter, and the test. He assures me that I needn't have done what I did, but might have done otherwise. If, instead of reflecting on my move for ten minutes, I had reflected for twenty-five (and I might have done so); if I had taken lessons from an expert before playing (and I might have taken them); or if I had attended to the nods and winks of a friend concealed behind the arras (and I might have so attended)—I should have done better. These considerations, and a hundred more of the same sort, prove that my wrong move was not necessary. How can anyone affirm that it *had to be*, in presence of such a host of reasonable possibilities of its not being

Impressed by these arguments I abandon my conviction of a necessary connection between my past fault and the state of my chess-playing self when the fault was committed. So far, so good; but, unfortunately, the matter does not end there. For the same logic which breaks the necessary connection between my past ignorance and its bad result, breaks also the necessary connection between my present knowledge and the good result for which I am hoping next time. If I may not believe that my past ignorance assuredly led me wrong, what reason have I for trusting that my present knowledge will lead me right? Looking into the future in the light of what Professor Upton teaches about the past, I am to suppose that when the opportunity for taking the right move next occurs my "free-will" may somehow intervene between me and my knowledge that it is the right move, may break the connection between the knowledge of the move and the making of it, and "choose" another move which I know to be wrong. Under these circumstances my conviction "that I am not going to do that again" abandons me. I begin to contemplate the possibility that I may do it again, and prudently conclude to play no more chess. My improvement as a chess player is at an end.

The translation of this parable into terms of conduct is perfectly simple to anyone who will disabuse his mind of prejudice. Does my friend know of that *fear*, amounting in some cases to paralysing terror, with which a man in bondage to some evil habit views the recurrence of his besetting temptation? Does he admit that, in such cases, reformation depends on that moral self-reliance which rests on a sense of the continuity between the newly awakened better self and the better expression in conduct and in life? And does he seriously contend that the way to promote such self-reliance is to tell the sinner that the moral continuity which it presupposes may always be broken—that however much he may loathe his sin and loathe himself for committing it, his "free-will" may yet interpose between him and his better self and effect the repetition of the hateful

deed? The proposition "I might have done otherwise" sounds innocent enough; but when translated, as my friend's theory requires, unto "I may do it again next time" it merely serves to accentuate the most deadly element in the psychology of Sin.

May I beg the patient reader (if one such remains) to ascertain what he really means by the proposition "you might have done otherwise"? Many of the confusions incident to this controversy arise from the supposition that there is some positive class of human actions called "doing otherwise." Of course, there is no such class. To do the "other" thing is always to do some *definite* thing, e.g., to *earn* my bread instead of *stealing* it; and you cannot assert of anyone that he might have done the other unless you have in mind the other that he might have done. Napoleon, as we know, lost Waterloo, and when we say "he might have done otherwise," we mean that he might have won, or left the battle drawn. Remembering this, the reader will perceive that the proposition "Napoleon might have done otherwise" is either an obvious absurdity, or an obvious truism, according to the sense in which you take it. It is an obvious absurdity if you take it to mean that Napoleon might have won, even though every detail of the complex elements composing the battle had remained exactly what it was. To say this is to say that everything which led to Napoleon's defeat was also capable of leading to his victory—a senseless concatenation of words. On the other hand, the proposition "Napoleon might have done otherwise" becomes obviously true, if you allow yourself to withdraw or alter any one of the conditions which actually existed. In other words, its truth depends entirely on a suppressed "if." If the French had been twice as energetic, if Napoleon had chosen a different position, if he had not gone to sleep at an important moment, if he had been more careful what he ate for breakfast, he might have won. Without introducing this suppressed "if" the reader will find that "he might have done otherwise" is meaningless.

Professor Upton apparently possesses an intuition which tells him, *totidem verbis*, that he might have done otherwise. This intuition clothes itself in the form of a logical judgment, makes use of subject and predicate (highly elaborated products of the intellect), and, speaking good English, dictates to my friend, word by word, the proposition aforesaid. For myself, I am unable to subscribe this form of the doctrine of verbal inspiration. I lay no claim to these linguistic intuitions. I fully agree with my friend that every rational being who knows that he has done wrong, knows also that he might have done otherwise. But this latter knowledge is no intuition; it depends on a suppressed "if"; in other words, it is the result of a process of abstraction consciously or unconsciously performed. The process consists in mentally withdrawing some one or other of the elements composing the situation as it actually occurred, and then affirming, with perfect truth, that in the absence of this withdrawn element, the result might have been otherwise. Thus in the case of the chess player, if you with-

draw his ignorance of the winning move, you can say "he might have made" that move instead of doing what he did. If you withdraw his determination to win you may also say that even with the winning move before him, he was not bound to take it. Or, in the case of Napoleon, if you abstract his desire for the victory, and suppose that, for private reasons, he wanted to lose, it follows that he was in no sense "bound" to take any of the means which would lead to the first result. If, on the other hand, anyone should obstinately maintain that Napoleon, while determined to win, and fully aware of the means to victory, was at the same time "free" to choose defeat, I can only utter my feeble protest against the degradation of the term "freedom" to the level of such impossible nonsense.

The important point to be observed in this connection is that the belief that Napoleon might have won is based upon an intelligent apprehension of the reasons why he lost. In other words the knowledge "that you might have done otherwise" pre-supposes your knowledge of the reasons which led to your acting as you did act, and of the necessary connection between those reasons and what actually took place. Only so far as you see that the conduct which actually occurred was the necessary outcome of conditions then and there in force have you the slightest ground for asserting that under different conditions the result would have been different.

There is one other matter connected with the foregoing to which I must allude in conclusion. I cannot help thinking that the doctrine of the "open alternative," as expounded both by Professor Upton and Dr. Martineau, issues, when closely scanned, in a depressing and dangerous form of determinism. According to these thinkers, man is free because he can choose between the members of each alternative as it occurs. But the occurrence of these alternatives is controlled by Another. They "are offered to our option by a Higher than we." Thus is introduced the idea of a dual control of man's moral destiny—(1) the major control of the Power which assigns him the alternative; (2) the minor control of his own will in choosing between the two members of the alternative which is assigned.

A very little reflection will show that this arrangement, far from guaranteeing man's spiritual independence, leaves his moral destiny at the mercy of the Power which exercises the major control. In the absence of guarantees to the contrary, the major control—that of the Power which "offers" the option—may at any moment, and in countless ways, entirely obliterate the moral results of that minor control which is assigned to the human will. A pious faith may believe that the major control will not act in this manner, but the philosophy I am considering fails entirely to justify such a faith.

My moral nature requires bread, and it is the grimmest mockery to tell me that I am free because I am offered the choice of two stones. I ask for fish, and the major control provides me with the pick of a brace of serpents. As a free man I claim the right to assert that the alternative offered in any given case is not that which my spiritual freedom demands. It matters not that one of

the stones is worth twopence-halfpenny more than the other, or that one of the serpents has less poison in its fangs. A free man must be able to reject *both* stones and *both* serpents, demanding bread and fish; and no more depressing picture of helpless dependence was ever invented than that which exhibits me as confined to the choice between alien substitutes for these.

Consider a series of alternatives AB, CD, EF, GH. Let each letter in its order represent a "higher course" than the next, A being higher than B, B than C, and so on. Some Power now offers these alternatives to a human will (M) in the order given. It will at once be seen that, however M may choose between the members of each alternative as it occurs, the level on which the choice takes place is being continually lowered by the action of the major control which allots the alternatives in this order. M may choose rightly in each case, taking A when he might take B, C when he might take D, and so on. Nevertheless, each action of M, through no fault of his own, will give expression to a lower principle than its predecessor, and his moral history will be one of continuous decline. Though he may desire to act from the motives highest in the scale of worth he may, by the action of this power, be ultimately reduced to the condition of having to choose between those at the bottom. It is though a man climbing the side of a mountain were to find that the ground beneath his feet were slipping down into the valley at a greater rate than that of his ascent, some mocking voice meanwhile assuring him that he is free to reach the top.

Now reverse the supposition. Let the pairs be offered in the order GH, EF, CD, AB, and let the agent make the *wrong* choice in each, taking H instead of G, F instead of E, &c. Here are a series of four wrong acts; yet, such is the arrangement of the alternatives that each act is done from a higher motive than the last, the order of the motives acted upon being H, F, D, B. Thus the major control reverses the moral effect of the minor—the man being carried upward in spite of his own will to fall. Does not this suggest a most dangerous form of determinism?

This difficulty may be met by assuming from the outset the main truth of ethical Theism—viz., the goodness of the Major Control. Such a Power, it may be said, would *not* offer the alternatives in the order suggested. But this system under discussion does not allow us to make this assumption. The Righteousness of God is the objective of that system—the truth which it sets out to justify. To assume the divine goodness, therefore, at any point of the argument is to beg the whole question at issue. And even if permissible it would fail by proving too much. Will anyone seriously maintain that the alternatives presented to a poor seamstress thrown out of work are those best suited to promote her moral interests? Nor would such an argument meet a far more serious difficulty which I have again and again urged (in vain) on my friend's attention. This is, that the greater part of the alternatives with which we have to deal in life are due to *other human wills* whose acts, on my friend's theory, can in no sense be attributed to God. David's sin, for example, is explained as a free act of disobedience to the

Will of God. Very well; but observe that in freely choosing as he did David not only dealt with his own alternative but determined the alternatives with which the unfortunate free will of Uriah had to deal. Observe that Uriah, instructed by Professor Upton, is precluded from saying, "I will bear my doom in the noblest possible way because it is God's will that I should bear it." On the contrary the position of Uriah is, on the theory, due entirely to the will of David acting in *contravention of the will of God*. What reason can he then have for supposing that his present alternative has been offered to him for his good? Had God's will been obeyed by David that alternative would not have arisen. It was God's will that it should *not* be offered, hence David's sin. How, then, can Uriah say "this cup is offered by a 'Higher' than myself." Plainly it is offered by a lower. Need I say that Uriah was not the first nor the last, by many millions, to whom these terrible reflections may have occurred. How does my friend propose to deal with them?

He asks me whether I would dare to preach the views I have advocated in these pages and to recommend them to others. I reply that for many years I have preached no other. To the second part of his question the answer is that I do not recommend these views to anyone, but state them as clearly and as constantly as I can and leave others to draw their own conclusions.

L. P. JACKS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

1703-1758.

BY THE REV. S. M. CROTHERS, D.D.
In the Christian Register, Oct. 22, 1903.

The celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards calls new attention to his place in the religious development of America. How far has his influence extended and to what extent is it still to be reckoned with?

It must be remembered that two lines of development may be traced to Jonathan Edwards. His formal theology represented the most logical and, therefore, the most repellant form of Calvinism. He did not shrink from the conclusions involved in the so-called plan of salvation. He dared to state the conclusions of this theology with a clearness which outrages the heart. Indeed, the progress of a more humane theology may be measured by the distance between present-day thought and the sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

But there was another Jonathan Edwards, who belongs to the movement with which Channing and Emerson were afterwards connected. Indeed, if one were to inquire as to the positive element in present-day Unitarianism, he would find it stated in Edwards's treatise on "The Nature of True Virtue."

When we approach religion from the practical side, the fundamental question is this: What is the nature of the highest goodness to which a man can attain? If we agree on that, we can trust the instincts of the virtuous heart for all else.

One might expect the preacher who had emphasised the terrors of hell and

the rewards of heaven to reduce virtue, as so many moral philosophers have done, to a consideration of rewards and punishments. Not thus did Jonathan Edwards answer the question. Virtue, he declared, has nothing to do with hopes of personal rewards or with fear of punishment. It does not arise from gratitude for favours received. It is not obedience to a positive command. It does not arise from any theory that is partial or accidental.

He identifies virtue with the love of the beautiful. Then he asks, What kind of beauty? He distinguishes between that which belongs to the private soul, which may be consistent with selfish possession, and that which is public and universal. That which is personal may or may not be of the nature of true virtue. A man may love his own kindred or be loyal to his own party, and yet be false to larger trusts and interests. The love that belongs only to "a private system" must be subordinated to that which is universal in its scope. True virtue, he declared, is nothing less than "love to being in general." The term "being in general" may sound cold and abstract, but it expressed an idea which to Edwards was fundamental. It was the idea which was in the mind of one of the speakers at our recent Conference, when he chose for his subject, "The Cosmic Roots of Religion." It was the same thought which Emerson elaborated so eloquently in his Divinity School Address.

It would be interesting for any one to compare the teachings of the two New England leaders on this subject. Emerson says: "A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the sentiment of virtue. . . . The sentiment of virtue is a reverence and delight in the presence of certain divine laws. . . . The intuition of the moral sentiment is the insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. . . . What is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element? A certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it."

Now turn to Jonathan Edwards. There is the same sense of a beautiful order, the same insistence that the moral sense is its own evidence. "That which is called virtue," said Edwards, "is a certain kind of beautiful nature, form, or quality that is observed in things. The form or quality is called beautiful to any one beholding it to whom it *is* beautiful. . . . It is evident that the way we come to the idea of sensation of beauty is by immediate sensation of the gratefulness of the idea called beautiful, and not by finding out by argumentation any consequences or other things that it stands connected with any more than tasting the sweetness of honey, or perceiving the harmony of a tune, is by argumentation or connections and consequences." He declares again that "those who see the beauty that there is in true virtue do not perceive it by argumentation, or its connections

and consequences, but by the frame of their own minds, or a certain spiritual sense given them of God whereby they immediately perceive pleasure in the presence of true virtue." This is the very essence of what afterwards was known as Transcendentalism.

Nor does Edwards, the moral philosopher, allow Edwards, the Calvinistic theologian, to reduce all this to an arbitrary decree of God. Goodness is an ultimate fact not dependent on any positive command. "If it is meant that the frame of mind, or inward sense given them by God, whereby the mind is disposed to delight in the idea or view of true virtue, is given arbitrarily, so that, if he had pleased, he might have given a contrary sense and determination of mind, which would have agreed as well with the necessary nature of things, this I think is not true." True virtue, he insists, is absolutely disinterested. The man does not ask what effect any act will have upon his personal fortunes: he asks how it stands related to "the necessary nature of things."

"The moral sense, if the understanding be well informed, and be exercised at liberty and in an extensive manner, without being restrained to a private sphere, approves the very same things which a spiritual and divine sense approves. . . . This moral sense consists in approving the uniformity and natural agreement there is between one thing and another, so that by supposition it is agreeable to the nature of things." This conception of virtue as austere beauty—a perfect harmony with the order of the universe—was singularly inconsistent with the idea of arbitrary rewards and punishments. Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, the friend of Jonathan Edwards, developed the doctrine of disinterested virtue to the point at which Calvinism broke down "from its own too much." If the integrity of the universe demands that I should go to hell, the good man says, then to hell I go willingly. It is the height of self-abnegation. The Eternal Right says—

"But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

In Dr. Hopkins's congregation was a sensitive youth, William Ellery Channing. Channing afterwards wrote: "I was attached to Dr. Hopkins chiefly by his theory of disinterestedness. One day a relative of mine, talking with him about the text, Rom. ix. 3 (I could wish myself accursed), observed that the passage should be rendered, 'I *did* wish.' Dr. Hopkins replied that, if Paul did not say what our version ascribes to him, he *ought* to have said it." Dr. Channing tells us how, after preaching for Dr. Hopkins, the stern old Calvinist smiled upon him, and said, "The *hat* is not made yet." On my asking an explanation, he told me that Dr. Bellamy used to speak of theology as a progressive science, and compared the different stages of it to the successive stages of making a hat. The beaver was to be born, then to be killed, and then the felt to be made, &c. Having thus explained the similitude, he added, 'The hat is not made, and I hope you will help to finish it.'"

Does it not seem clear to us, looking

back, that there was a natural and inevitable development from Edwards to Hopkins, from Hopkins to Channing? If the doctrine of disinterested virtue were true, then the good man must rise superior even to the fear of hell. Channing was thrilled by this conception of heroic virtue, but he went a step further. If human goodness by its very nature goes out in perfect love to "being in general," if it be free from all arbitrariness and partiality, what of divine goodness? If a man can rise superior to threats or flatteries, what shall we think of God? When a man ceases to cringe, can he worship a God who finds pleasure in torturing him? Channing's moral argument against Calvinism is but the development of the ethics of Hopkins and Jonathan Edwards. It is interesting to note that at the present time there is more sympathy among Unitarians with Jonathan Edwards's doctrine about the nature of true virtue than is to be found in the orthodox churches.

The crucial question is, What is to be the centre of our love? What do we mean by the love of God? Jonathan Edwards gave a cosmical interpretation to the words. The love of God in our hearts was "love of being in general," it was universal in its scope. It was something that could not be limited to a personal affection. The Christo-centric theology of our day takes for granted that God conceived of as the Universal Being is too remote to arouse emotion. The love of Christ is a warm affection and loyalty to a person who can be conceived by the imagination. There is here a definite and concrete image. This personal loyalty is preached as the very highest thing to which we can attain.

But is this true? I for one do not believe it. The essential thing in the thought of God is that it brings us into the presence of the Infinite. We love God not merely as we love a particular person, but as we yield ourselves willingly to a universal power and to a perfect law. I think Jonathan Edwards was right when he said: "Let it be supposed that some beings, by natural instinct or by some other means, have a determination of mind to union and benevolence to a *particular person* or *private system* which is but a small part of the universal system of being, and that this disposition or determination of mind is independent of, and not subordinate to, benevolence to *being in general*. Such determination, disposition, or affection, is not of the nature of true virtue." In other words, true virtue is something more than love of a person, even though that person be conceived of as divine. It is also loyalty to a principle, acceptance of reality, harmony with our actual environment. It includes the love of the man of science for pure truth, the love of the artist for ideal beauty, the love of the upright judge for impartial justice. It is impersonal as well as personal, cosmical as well as human. No Christo-centric formula is adequate, for it cannot be confined to any "particular person" or "private system." It "finds centre everywhere." A sound theology must have something of this universality. It must be based upon the nature of true virtue.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

We have reports of successful services from the following places. The date is last Sunday unless otherwise stated. In each case, of course, there were effective decorations and special music.

Chorley.—Sept. 20, Rev. W. T. Bushrod.

Crewkerne.—Rev. A. Sutcliffe. Followed by Monday evening sale of fruit in the school-room.

Cullompton.—Rev. Jeffery Worthington. Mr. C. H. Goodland, of Taunton, who read the morning lessons, conducted an afternoon service for children and parents. It was also the Sunday-school anniversary. Collections, £8 1s. 3d.

Ditchling.—Preacher, the Rev. Edgar Daplyn. Offertory for Sussex County Hospital.

Hastings.—Sept. 20, Rev. S. Burrows. There was an afternoon service, at which the liturgy of the Guild of the Christian Life was used and one of the hymns was by the minister.

Manchester: Moss Side.—Preacher, Rev. B. C. Constable, of Stockport.

Poole.—Sept. 20, Rev. H. S. Solly, carrying on a custom which dates back to 1871.

Portsmouth: St. Thomas's-street.—Mr. T. Bord. Good collection for the almshouses for aged Friendly Society members.

Scarborough.—Rev. R. N. Cross, recently assistant minister at Essex Church, Kensington. A welcome feature of the morning service was the unexpected attendance of a hundred blue-jackets and marines from ships of the Channel Fleet spending the week-end at Scarborough. They came, it was said, because there was no Presbyterian church in the town.

Stockton.—Rev. R. H. Maister. On Monday evening the cantata, "From Sowing to Reaping," was rendered by the choir, followed by a sale of fruit in the schoolroom.

Whitchurch, Salop.—Preacher, the Rev. A. J. Marchant, of Deptford. On Monday evening Mr. Marchant lectured on "The Battle of Life" to a good audience.

Atherton.—Mr. John Harrison, of London, paid a special visit to his native place, Chowbent, on Saturday last, as President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and received an enthusiastic welcome. A united gathering of the Chowbent, Leigh, Astley, and Croft congregations and schools had been arranged for the occasion. Tea was served at five o'clock by the ladies of the various churches represented. At the meeting which followed, Rev. J. J. Wright presided, and was supported by Revs. R. S. Redfern and Peter Holt, together with Messrs. Charles Eckersley, J.P., Robert Greenhalgh, J.P., J. Leigh Davies, James Gregory, A. Eckersley Hope, and others. In responding to a hearty vote of welcome, Mr. Harrison, in the course of an earnest, practical speech, remarked that he was proud of three things: (1) That he was a Unitarian; (2) that he was a Lancashire Unitarian; (3) that he was a Chowbent Unitarian. He most sincerely wished that all over the land there were such vigorous and flourishing churches and schools as here at his native place, which it always did him good to visit, and which might always call upon him to do anything which lay in his power. Mr. Harrison alluded with pleasure also to the fact that for the forthcoming bazaar in connection with their Brixton Church, to be held in Essex Hall in November, and of which he is the treasurer, the congregation and school of his native place were at work providing a "Chowbent Stall." The meeting was followed by a "social gathering," and on Sunday morning Mr. Harrison presided at the fine organ in the chapel presented some time ago by Mr. Charles Eckersley. Before his removal to Brixton Mr. Harrison's late father, the Rev. Dr. Harrison, was the able and highly respected minister of Chowbent Chapel, and did much for the education of the district generally.

Blackpool: South Shore.—Through the kindness of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, the Rev. J. Page Hopps lectured on

Tuesday, September 29. His subject was "The Four Corner Stones of the Unitarian Church," and the lecture was much appreciated.

Guildford.—Services were conducted on Sunday by Mr. H. K. Broadhead, the "Van" missionary, and Mr. George Ward, a number of strangers being present owing to interest aroused by the Van Mission. The Ladies' Sewing Class and Sunday School are in course of reconstruction, and mission services, open to discussion, will be held in church on Mondays, 8 p.m. Mr. Ward has removed to "Dunlew," Croft Road, Godalming, Surrey.

Ilford.—The Sunday Evening Services are again held at the Assembly Room, Broadway (over Prentiss's shop). Owing to the noise of the new motor-bus traffic, the congregation removed a short time ago to the Cleveland Room, but found the room too small, and as meanwhile the noise had somewhat abated, it was decided to return to the old room. There services will be held on Sunday evenings until the new church is ready.

Newcastle-under-Lyme.—On Sunday evening last Mr. J. C. Wedgwood, M.P., gave an address in the Old Meeting House (of which he is a member), on "Politics and Faith." The devotional part of the service was conducted by the Rev. G. Pegler. There was a numerous congregation, the church being filled. Century after century, said Mr. Wedgwood, the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," had gone up, and yet the condition of the masses of people was worse than it was 50 years ago. He wished to prove to them that God the Father was not at fault; the fault was with man, and man alone. He spoke of the land question, and said that Henry George's epitaph was to be placed on his own tombstone:—"The truth which I have tried to make clear will not find acceptance. If that could be it would have been accepted long ago; but it will find friends, those who will work for it, suffer for it, if not die for it; this is the power of truth."

RELIGION and the frame of prayer are not means only, but themselves the highest ends of our being; a spirit in permanent personal intercourse with God is the perfection and the blessedness of our nature. To reason against the necessity of continual personal approach to God on the grounds that God needs no urging and is for ever acting for us, is simply to obliterate our souls, that one part of us which only a knowledge of God can fill.—*John Hamilton Thom.*

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, October 4.

LONDON.

Acton, Crefield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DARLYN.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, W. J. JUPP.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON; 3.15, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON. Harvest Festival and Dedication of Chancel Memorial.
Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 6.30, Rev. H. WOODS PERRIS. "The Social Claim in its Later Aspects."
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.; 7, Rev. H. GOW, B.A. "Browning's Optimism."
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.

Ilford, Assembly Room, Broadway, 7.
Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.; 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROGER, B.A.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ROWLAED HILL.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. F. H. JONES, B.A.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. J. HIPPERSON; 6.30, Mr. DELTA EVANS; 3, Children's Service, Mr. DELTA EVANS. Harvest Festival Services.
Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. G. CRITCHLEY, B.A.
Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; and 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.
Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. E. A. CARLIER; 6.30, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.
Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11 and 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

ABERYSTWITH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, E. GLYN EVANS.
BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
BEDFIELD, 2.30 and 6.30.
BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.
BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
DOUGLAS, I.O.M., The Gymnasium, Kensington-road (off Bucks-road), 11 and 6.30, Ministers from Manchester and District.
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINNEVER, B.A.
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.
LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. N. CROSS, M.A.
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS B.A.
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. FARQUHARSON.
NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVERS.
OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JAMES RUDDLE.
SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel (during alterations Services in Channing Hall, Surrey Street), 11, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.; 6.30, Rev. J. S. MATHERS, M.A.

SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.
TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30.
WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, (side door), 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welekerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALM-FORTE.

BIRTH.

DOLPHIN.—On September 28, at "Edelweiss" Mulkapett, Deccan, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid H. Dolphin, a son. By cable.

MARRIAGE.

BOYLE—WILSON.—On September 26, at the Abbey Church, Selby, by the Rev. Maurice Parkin, Vicar, uncle of the bride, Alan Boyle, M.B., of Disley, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Boyle, of Headingley, to Winifred A. Wilson, second daughter of the late Mr. J. T. Wilson, of Sheffield, and Mrs. Wilson, of Selby.

DEATHS.

CLEPHAN.—On September 29, at Whitley Bay, aged 64, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Joseph Clephan, of Gateshead.
COLLET.—On September 24, in her 88th year, Jane Sloan, widow of Collet Dobson Collet, of 7, Coleridge-road, Finsbury Park.
DENDY.—On September 29, at Ewhurst, Swinton, Henrietta Dendy, third daughter of the late Rev. John Dendy, aged 50.
SMITH.—On September 27, at Redland, Bristol, the Rev. William Saltmarsh Smith, aged 94. For 40 years in the ministry.

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Rev. ROBERT B. DRUMMOND B.A.

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